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10¢

FEBRUARY

the Lone Ranger





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HORMEL

Now USING WITH THE HORMEL GEL...
Serving, C&S ©1954 Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

the Lone Ranger

Apache Pass

AS THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO STOP FOR WATER AT THE SPRING BY APACHE PASS

"WELL, SARRY, ROCKS NOT LIKE THAT BEFORE."

"NO, TONTO, THEY WEREN'T THAT WAY LAST TIME WE RODE BY." "THEY'LL LOOK AT THEM."



"WELL, CRAZY WOLF AND HIS APACHE'S RE-UM."

"YES, TONTO, I BELIEVE CRAZY WOLF HAS GUILT A PERMANENT ANGER."

"FROM HERE, HIS BRIDES WOULD HAVE A PERFECT LINE OF FIRE ON ANYONE AT THE SPRING."

"THEY NOT USE-UM YET? NO EMPTY SHELLS HERE."

"BUT THIS POSITION IS OPEN TO ATTACK." "IF ONE OF THOSE BOULDERS COULD BE DISLOADED, IT WOULD START A LANDSLIDE AND BURY THIS ROCK WILL."

"YES, BUT BOULDERS TOO BIG TO MOVE."

"WE COULDN'T MOVE THEM NOW, TONTO." "BUT WE'LL PAY A VISIT TO THE CRISTOBAL, GIVE TO GET SOME BLASTING POWDER AND AFTERWARDS, WE'LL KIDNAP THE COLONEL AT FORT TUCSON OF CRAZY WOLF'S PLUM."

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CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

MEANWHILE, AT FORT TUCSON

COLONEL MEREDITH, CAPTAIN DANIELS REPORTING WITH REINFORCEMENTS FROM CALIFORNIA! AND THERE'S A SURPRISE FOR YOU IN THE AMBULANCE, SIR!

A SURPRISE?

HELLO, FATHER!

I-LUCY!



MY DEAR, THIS IS A SURPRISE! BUT WHAT WAS GENERAL BLAKE THINKING OF TO ALLOW SUCH A THING?

I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR NEARLY A YEAR AND WHEN I HEARD THE CONVOY WAS GOING, I KEPT AT THE GENERAL UNTIL HE GAVE ME PERMISSION TO JOIN IT!

WELL, THAT'S JUST LIKE YOU, LUCY! YOU'VE BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO MAKING YOUR OWN WAY!

FATHER, IS CAPTAIN HARRY WILLIAMS STATIONED HERE?



YES, LUCY, HE'S MY RIGHT-HAND MAN! BUT YOU DON'T MEAN AFTER FIVE YEARS YOU STILL HAVEN'T FORGIVEN HIM? HE WAS RIGHT, NOT LETTING YOU RIDE THAT ROBBY STALLION AT THE OLD POST!

BUT HE DON'T HAVE TO DISCIPLINE ME WITH A SHAMONIS!

YOU'LL NOT BE SEEING MUCH OF HIM JUST NOW! WE'RE CONSTANTLY SENDING OUT PATROLS—THE APACHE ARE ON THE MARCH! STAY NEAR THE PORT!

BUT, FATHER, CAPTAIN DANIELS WANTS ME TO GO RIDING WITH HIM TOMORROW!



THE NEXT DAY, A FEW MILES EAST OF THE FORT.







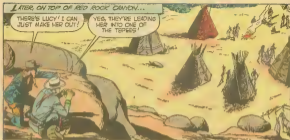
QUICKLY, CAPTAIN WILLIAMS TELLS WHAT HAS HAPPENED...



LATER, ON TOP OF RED ROCK CANYON...

THERE'S LUCY! I CAN JUST MAKE HER OUT!

YES, THEY'RE LEADING HER INTO ONE OF THE TEPEES!



IT'S THE LARGE REAR TEEPEE! YOU'D BETTER MAKE A NOTE OF ITS LOCATION!

I HAVE! AND WITH THE COLONEL'S PERMISSION, I'LL LEAD THE ATTACK ON THAT END OF THE CANYON!



KENO BABIN, LOOK! SOMEONE COME TO COUNCIL FIRE!

YES, TONTO, AND FROM THE WAY THE OTHER BRIGADES ARE RUSHING TO HIM, HE MUST BE BRINGING IMPORTANT NEWS!



SADLY...

HE'S TAKING EVERY AGILE-BODIED MAN IN CAMP! THE COLONEL MUST BE MARCHING ON RED ROCK CANYON AND CRAZY WOLF IS GOING TO **AMBUSH HIM!**

THE TROOPS WILL NOT BRANCH APACHE PASS UNTIL DAWN! THERE'S STILL TIME --- WHY NOT TRY TO **RESCUE MISS LUCY?**





CAUTELy, THE THREE MEN INCH THEIR WAY DOWN THE SHEER CANYON WALL...



BUT AS THEY NEAR THE BOTTOM, SUDDENLY...



















HOW CAN WE
HELP YOU?

THIS LETTER I INTENDED TO
LEAVE AT THE MISSION FOR YOU
WOULD HAVE INFORMED YOU OF
THE MATTER. . . . SOME TIME AGO,
A YOUNG BLACKSMITH NAMED
CLAY TROWBRIDGE WAS ACCUSED
OF MURDER!



I'VE BEEN
POSTERS
DECIDING
TROWBRIDGE!

FEARING HE WOULD BE
LYNCHED AFTER THE MURDER
OCCURRED HE FLED! A FEW
WEEKS LATER, THE ARRA
MURDERER WAS CAUGHT! HE
CONFERRED AND WAS
SENTENCED!



DON'T TROWBRIDGE
KNOW HE'S BEEN
CLEARED?

NO! THE SHERIFF HAS TRIED
TO RECALL THE WANTED CIO-
CLARS, BUT MANY ARE STILL
UP! THE FUGITIVE MAY BE KILLED
FOR THE REWARD OR MAY
BECOME A CRIMINAL OUT OF
BITTER DESPERATION! THAT
LETTER CLEARS HIM---I HOPED
YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO DELIVER
IT TO HIM!



I'LL TRY
TO DO, BUT
WHERE WAS
HE LAST
SEEN?

HE HEADED FOR THE
BORDER! RIVERO
ISLAND IS THERE---IT IS
AN OUTLAW'S REFUGE, FOR
NEITHER MEXICO NOR THE
UNITED STATES HAS ESTAB-
LISHED JURISDICTION OVER
IT! I'M TRAVELING TO MEXICO
TO SETTLE THE MATTER! THANKS FOR YOUR
HELP!



WE HEAR OF
RIVERO, IT PLUNTS
TOUGH TOWN!

YES, TONTO, AND IF
TROWBRIDGE HAS FOUND
REFUGE THERE AMONG THE
OUTLAWS, WE'LL NOT BE
EASY TO REACH!

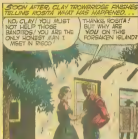


MEANWHILE IN A CAFE AT RIVERO...

YEAH, BLAZE,
THAT'S HIM ALL
RIGHT---CLAY
TROWBRIDGE!

STACK, IF WE'RE GONNA
TO WORK YOUR PLAN,
LET'S MOVE IN ON HIM!













AT NOON, BY THE PEAR THicket...











AS TONY DISMISSES THE OUTLAWS, THE LONG RANGER QUICKLY TELLS CLAY TROWBRIDGE OF ROSITA'S RESCUE AND HIS OFFICIAL PARDON AND MINUTES LATER...



the Lone Ranger

Zanzibar

AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE
IN POWDER REND, TONTO
INQUIRES FOR SHERIFF
SEXTON

SEXTON'S OUT OF TOWN!
MY NAME'S BEEN IN HIS
DEPUTY AND I'M IN CHARGE!
IF YOU HAVE ANY BUSINESS
WITH THE LAW, I'LL
HANDLE IT!

WE HAVE
PERSONAL
MESSAGE
FOR—UM
FROM FRIEND!









SOON AFTER, TONTO TELLS THE LOVE RANGER OF THE ROBBERY AND THE SLAYING AND THEY TRY TO FIND THE KILLER'S TRAIL...



THAT NIGHT, IN MRS. TROTTER'S HOTEL ROOM





NEXT DAY, AS THE LONG RANGER AND TOWD SEARCH FOR THE KILLER'S TRAIL, IN VAIN, SUDDENLY...





LATER, AT PERRY'S CARRN.

ALL RIGHT, CARRBLAKE, YOU CAN COME OUTA HONN! THAT SHOT I REED LAST NIGHT SCARED MRS. TROTTER CLEAN OUTA TOWN!

GOOD! NOW WE'LL DIVIDE THE LOOT / PERRY! WHEN'S THE SHERIFF GOIN' TO BE OUTA TOWN AGAIN SO WE CAN PULL ANOTHER JOB?



I'LL LET YOU KNOW SOON AS HE TELLS ME 'THE GOOD PART OF BEIN' THE ACTIN' SHERIFF IS THAT THE STAGE LINE TELLS ME WHEN THEY'RE EXPECTIN' A BIG SHIPMENT SO I'LL BE AROUND TOWN TO----

SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR!



DON'T LOOK SO WORRIED! YOU'RE IN THE CLEAR! YOU HAVE A RIGHT TO BE HERE, EVERYONE KNOWS WE'RE FRIENDS!

S-SURE YOU'RE RIGHT! THAT TROTTER WOMAN WAS THE ONLY ONE I HAD TO WORRY ABOUT AN' NOW SHE'S GONE!



PETE? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I THOUGHT YOU WERE DRIVING THE STAGECOACH EAST THIS MORNIN'!

I WAS, BUT I TURNED BACK / MY LONG PASSENGER, MRS. TROTTER, HAD A CHANGE OF HEART! SHE'S DECIDED TO STAY AN' TESTIFY IF THE MURDERER IS EVER FOUND!



SHE'S STAYIN'?

YES, AN' SHE ASKED ME TO TELL YOU! YOU WEREN'T IN YOUR OFFICE, SO I CAME OUT HERE! I PUT HER UP IN MY SISTER'S CARRN BY DRY CREEK. SHE'S OUT OF TOWN FOR A FEW WEEKS!---- ADIOS, GENTS!



---SO YOU HAD EVERYTHING FIXED---

---EASY, CARRBLAKE! I TOLD THAT FOOL WOMAN I COULDN'T GUARANTEE HER SAFETY! WELL, THAT CARRN IS A MILE FROM TOWN AN' ALL BY ITSELF! TONIGHT, WE'LL DO WHAT YOU SHOULD'VE DONE WHEN YOU PLUGGED MORNIN'---SHOOT HER!



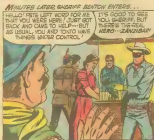
THAT NIGHT, BY PETE'S SISTER'S CABIN, TONTO
WATCHES FROM A CONCEALED POSITION...



AS REANEY ENGAGES TONTO'S ATTENTION,...







THE WATER OF VENGEANCE



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Jerry Parrin roused from his blanket under the "Prairie Schooner," with the sense that something was very wrong. He sat up, listening. Above the angry muttering of men's voices rose a woman's wail. "We can't go on! We'll die here—!"

Another voice, strong and clear, cut her short.

"Friends!" cried the Reverend Walter Parrin, Jerry's father. "Friends, gather here, in a circle! We'll pray—and then we'll plan what to do!"

As the several families of emigrants moved together into the wagon circle, Jerry touched his mother's arm. He was trembling a little.

"What is it?" he whispered. "Injuns—?"

"No, Son!" Mrs. Parrin answered, steadying him with the calm sweetness of her voice. "Those three single men from St. Louis—Ruel, Dorrance, and Mayland—have gone off with all the horses that are strong enough to travel. The Indian, Little Wolf, who joined us two days ago, has disappeared, too . . ."

"—and left us right in the middle of the longest desert haul without enough water to last—" exclaimed Jerry, in horror. But his mother's hand came up to touch his lips.

"Be quiet, Son!" she murmured. "And bow your head. . . ."

The Reverend Walter Parrin's prayer was short, and strong, and full of trust. At the closing, "AMEN!" the circle of faces showed new hope.

"We can leave here all but two of the wagons, and the horse necessities to get us across the desert," the clergyman stated. "We men can walk all the way—the women and children by turns, using the wagons. The hostile Indians and our friends, the horse thieves, have left us enough weakened animals to go on with, that way. . . . Has anyone a better idea?"

When no one spoke, Jerry's father turned to him.

"We have a special task for you, Son," he said. "Your little riding mule cannot pull much weight—but he can carry you on a scout for water in the hills that parallel our route. Your mule's keen sense of smell may locate a seep or spring. You will not take any weapon, if you should NOT find water, every pound would count!"

It was three hours after dawn, when Jerry Parrin saw the buzzards. They were circling above a ranch in the desert hills—watching some freshly dead or dying animal, probably. It might be one of the missing horses!

Obedying a hunch, Jerry struck into a draw that deepened as it wound among the hills. And there he found the horse tracks! As he followed them, he heard two shots. The sound came, confused with distance and the wailing of the ravine, from somewhere ahead.

Cautiously Jerry kept on. Around every bend he crept on foot, leading his little mule. At the fourth sharp bend he halted, in horri-

Sad surprise

Just beyond him the three deserters, Ruel, Dorrance and Mayland, lay beside a little pool of water, at the base of a ledge. Their bodies were twisted, as if in agony. Ruel's hand clutched a pistol—the others grasped lumps of stone. The terrible thing was their silence.

After a moment, Jerry approached them. Not one of the bodies, he saw, bore any wound! What, then, had killed them? And who or what had Ruel shot at?

It could not have been a robber—for the dead fingers of Dorrance and Mayland still clutched nuggets of pure, yellow gold! More yellow lumps gleamed dully below the pool's shallow water!

Jerry's mule supplied the answer to the mystery. Approaching the water, he sniffed loudly, blew out through his lips, and backed away. A moment later his loud, disappointed bay echoed through the ravine.

"The water!" Jerry whispered through dry lips. "IT'S POISONED!"

He spun about—or a sound that was not an echo of his own voice. Again the dry chuckle sounded, and Jerry saw him—Little Wolf!

The Indian sat leaning against a rock, with his hands calmly folded over his stomach, and his right leg stained with blood.

"THAT was the shooting!" thought Jerry. "The Indian's leg must be broken—or he wouldn't be here."

Glancing about, the boy's eye lighted on a little pile of sticks, left by a spring fresher



He selected two of the straightest, and hurried across to Little Wolf.

"I'll fix your leg with these—so it won't move," he said. "I'll use my shirt for a bandage! I'll put you on my mule, and lead him back to the wagons. And Mother will nurse you, eh?"

A strange look in the Indian's face stopped him from touching the wounded limb.

"Why you not leave me—take gold?" Little Wolf asked.

"Gold?" responded Jerry. "Oh! Well, my mule's weak with thirst. He couldn't carry you, and anything else! Now, let me—"

"No!" the Indian exclaimed. "Little Wolf shot in stomach, fast! Dying soon! Meet father in Happy Hunting Ground!"

He coughed; then, as Jerry stood speechless, he went on:

"Many summers ago, my father, the Chief, show this gold to white men. They kill him! I kill them, and bring gold back to trap more white men with bad hearts. My father's spirit have many white slaves in Happy Hunting Ground now!"

Another cough racked Little Wolf. When he could speak again, he whispered:

"You, White Boy, not like them. You have good heart! You find your horses, far up this ARROYO . . . Find good water and grass! You take gold, too."

When there was no more need to wait, Jerry Parris rode up the ravine. And he knew he would find everything, just as Little Wolf had said.



YOUNG HAWK



THE HUNGER MOUTH OF FEBRUARY GRIPS THE HIDDEN VALLEY WHERE YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE BUCK HAVE SOUGHT REFUGE FROM THEIR ENEMIES.

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IN SAVAGE SILENCE, THE GRAY KILLERS PULL DOWN THE LAST LEAN BUCK.



CHRRRR! K'CHUCK!
K'CHUCK! K'CHUCK!

THE RABBITS HAVE VANISHED, AND A STARVING SQUIRREL SCOOPS AT A FAMISHED FOX.



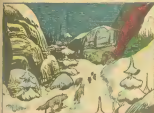
I'M GETTING
TIRED OF JUST
FISH, YOUNG
HAWK!

BE GLAD YOU HAVE IT TO
EAT, LITTLE BUCK! THE
FOREST CREATURES
ARE STARVING!

BUT INSIDE THE BOYS' SNUG SHELTER, THERE IS BOTH FOOD AND WARMTH.



TOMORROW WE MUST GO
BACK TO THE LAKE AND
CATCH MORE, THROUGH
THE ICE! I HAVE SAVED
THE TAIL FOR BAIT.



THAT NIGHT THE MOON'S WHITE EYE LOOKS DOWN ON THE GRAY PACK CRAFTING UP THE MOUNTAIN. THE SCENTS OF BOYS AND OGS AND BROILED FISH HAVE DRAWN THEM LIKE MAGNETS.





THE LAST WOLF LEAPS INTO THE AIR,
MORTALLY WOUNDED



---TO BE INSTANTLY SEIZED AND
DRAGGED INTO THE SHADOWS, A
MEAL FOR HIS STARVING FELLOW?



"HUSH, TUMBLEWEED!
WE WON'T SEE THEM
AGAIN TONIGHT!"

"YOU'RE SURE,
YOUNG HAWK?"

"YA-
YARK-
YARK!"



"YES --- I AM SURE!
THEY HAVE HAD A SCARE
AND A MEAL, OF A KIND!
BUT WE MUST BE ON THE
WATCH FOR THEM AFTER
THIS, AND STRENGTHEN
OUR SHELTER!"



PLEASE TELL ME, YOUNG
HAWK --- WHAT DO YOU WANT
WITH THAT HOLLOW, HALF-
ROTTEN LOG? THERE'S
NO HEAT IN IT!

THERE WILL
BE ---
FOR YOU
AND ME!



THESE WILL MAKE
GOOD FIRE BUCKETS, TO
KEEP US WARM WHILE
WE FISH THROUGH THE
ICE OF THE LAKE!

FIRE BUCKETS?
BUT THEY'RE
TOO DAMP AND
ROTTEN TO
BURN ---

THAT'S WHY I CHOSE A DAMP, ROTTEN LOG! I DON'T WANT IT TO BURN! I'LL SHOW YOU WHEN WE GET BACK TO OUR WICKIUP!



SEE? I PUT HOT COALS IN THE BOTTOM! NOW GATHER UP ALL THE PIECES OF CHARCOAL FROM OUR COOKING HEARTH AND BRING THEM ALONG IN YOUR BUCKET! WE'LL FISH IN COMFORT!

OH! I GET YOUR IDEA NOW, YOUNG HARR!



WE'LL HOLD THE FIRE BUCKETS UNDER OUR BLANKETS WHILE WE'RE FISHING! GREAT IDEA!



WE'LL CHOP OUR FISHING HOLES NEAR THOSE OPEN SPOTS WHERE THE FISH COME TO FEED!



WHY COULDN'T WE FISH THROUGH THOSE NATURAL HOLES IN THE ICE, YOUNG HARR? SAVE US THIS WORK!

DON'T BE FOOLISH! THE SWIFT LARSE CURRENT HAS WORN THE EDGES OF THOSE OPEN HOLES TOO THIN TO TAKE YOUR WEIGHT!



SEE, LITTLE BUCK! HERE'S THE WAY TO KEEP WARM! WRAP YOUR BLANKET LIKE THIS!





BUT LITTLE BUCK'S IS NOT THE ONLY HUNGRY STOMACH ON THE LAKE! THE GRAY KILLERS HAVE SCENTED HIS CATCH OF FISH!





MOST OF THE WOLVES GO FOR THE FROZEN FISH--- BUT ONE TURNS SNARLING TOWARD LITTLE BUCK.



LITTLE BUCK'S ARROW CATCHES THE LEAPING BEAST FULL IN THE CHEST---BUT CANNOT STOP THE WOLF'S MOMENTUM.



DODGING THE DYING, SNAPPING BEAST, HE BREAKS THROUGH THE THIN ICE AT THE EDGE OF THE OPEN CURRENT HOLE.





SUDDENLY A HARD-DRIVEN ARROW STRIKES

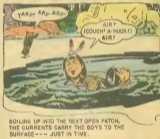


---AND THEN ANOTHER---AND ANOTHER!
WITH DEADLY AIM!



GALLOPING ON HIS SNOWSHOES,
YOUNG HAWK DRIVES ANOTHER
ARROW INTO THE FLEEING PACK!





BOILING UP INTO THE NEXT OPEN PATCH,
THE CURRENTS CARRY THE BOYS TO THE
SURFACE---- JUST IN TIME.





SOMEHOW THE IMPOSSIBLE IS ACCOMPLISHED--- WITH TUMBLEWEED'S HELP! NUMB HIMSELF WITH THE ICY WATER, YOUNG HAWK GETS THE HALF-DROWNED BOY ONTO HIS SHOULDER.



DESPITE STIFFENING, FREEZING GARMENTS, YOUNG HAWK MANAGES A SHUFFLING RUN TO THE WOODEN SHORE...



EMPTYING HIS "TIRE BUCKET" ONTO A PILE OF FINE-CUT KINDLING, YOUNG HAWK MAKES A QUICK BLAZE.



AS THE FLAMES GROW TALL, YOUNG HAWK STRIPS HIS PARTNER OF THE FREEZING WATER SOAKED BUCKSKINS, AND CHAFES HIS LIMBS. GRADUALLY, THE MASSAGE AND HEAT BRING BACK CIRCULATION.



AND THEN---VIOLENT EXERCISE IN THE BITING WIND AND CAMPFIRE HEAT!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER



THE IRON HORSE

1. **THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO**
 2. **CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60637**
 3. **U.S.A.**

After the scouts had passed through and many claims had been staked, the iron horse made its appearance on the western plains. Often the Indians had lived in peace with their white neighbors for years. But when they suddenly saw the hissing, puffing steam engine rumbling across the country, bringing thousands of new settlers, they realized that the white man had come to stay and that nothing short of war could drive him out. Luckily, many of the men who first laid down this nation's western railroads were Civil War veterans. Besides their picks and shovels, they carried rifles and revolvers and often the road gang fought battles against marauding bands bent on stopping the westward march of the iron horse.

The railroads changed the West very greatly. They meant swift transportation for small Army garrisons, cheaper rates for importing agricultural machinery and cattleman's supplies and the influx of millions of new settlers. Railroad companies were granted land along their rights of way by the Federal Government and they soon started selling farms and building lots to settlers from the East. Whole towns were laid out and financed by railroad companies. The coming of the railroads ended the long cattle drives of the early West. It was no longer necessary to drive Texas cattle hundreds of miles north to market. Railroad spurs ran south to Abilene, Hays City, Wichita and Dodge City. Cattlemen only had to get their cattle from their ranches to the nearest railroad to sell their product. Without the railroads, the settling of the American West might well have taken another hundred years and much of the territory might never have become American soil at all.



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